

## How to get yourself a new robot son, a step by step guide!

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# How to get yourself a new robot son, a step by step guide!

by [B0N3D4D1](#)

## Summary

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If you told Technoblade that today would be the day his life changed, he would have slammed the door in your face and assumed you were trying to sell him some bogus item. If you told him that while opening up his shop, as he took the trash out from last night, he'd find a dead body in the alleyway behind his garage... well who would believe that?

Yet here he stood, black trash bag in hand as he stared at the unmoving body just laying on the pavement. Now normally people call the cops when finding a body, or maybe an ambulance, but well this whole situation wasn't normal.

The body itself wasn't normal.

⊗》》》》》✱《《《《《⊗

An auto shop mechanic finds himself in the possession of an android teenager who has no clue how to be 'human'.

Join them and their friends on their journey of discovering what it truly means to be human.

## Notes

TW's;;

Minor Dehumanization

Mentions of Dead Bodies/Corpses (Not real dead bodies)

Cursing

Mentions of Police

Implied Past Illegal Activities

Mentions of Murder/Death

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

## **One person's trash is another's treasure**

If you told Technoblade that today would be the day his life changed, he would have slammed the door in your face and assumed you were trying to sell him some bogus item. If you told him that while opening up his shop, as he took the trash out from last night, he'd find a dead body in the alleyway behind his garage... well who would believe that?

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The body itself wasn't normal.

Technoblade doesn't have the cleanest of records, and the police in this district are a bunch of power-hungry pricks. So calling the cops didn't even cross his mind. No, he was more focused on how half the body was nearly pure black.

The pinkette ventured closer, preparing to swing his bag of bottles and rusted screws at the body if it moved. Thankfully it remained still and just as lifeless as when he first spotted it.

It didn't take long for Techno to figure out that this was in fact not an actual body, well not a living one anyway. Half of the thing's face was pure black metal, with a few dents and scratches but overall looked brand new. The other half looked like pale skin littered with freckles, what looked to be scarring covered the split of metal and flesh. Its hair was also split down the middle; blonde on the metal side and black on the other.

Now he's personally never been that into robots, or androids. He's seen one or two movies where the things took over the world and caused the downfall of humanity. And now with all these new technologies, tiny robots included, he figured if a robot uprising did occur they'd be royally screwed. But he's also heard how his one intern goes on and on about the machines and how they function, he even remembers how the kid was trying to finish school so he could apply for a job at Nook Robotics.

Still, he found himself dropping the trash bag in the dumpster before crouching in front of the machine. He figured it would be at least a good decade or two before people were able to create one that looks so... human. He poked the flesh side's cheek, it felt like skin which was a tad creepy. When the thing didn't respond he did it again, and once more no response.

So either this thing was dead or just powered off.

The pinkette sighed, ruffling his hair as he debated what to do. It was too early to go to Phil for help, the bar wouldn't even open for another five or so hours. He was on his own here. Now did he leave the thing where he found it and hope it would be gone by the end of the day? Or did he take it inside and scrap it for parts?

With his decision made he adjusted his stance before lifting the android. It was heavier than expected but not enough to throw Techno off balance. He had to maneuver around in the

small alley before he could be fully turned around and faced his garage once more.

Kicking in the door, gently since he didn't want to replace it once again, he made his way to the back break room. There was a table he could leave the machine on until he had time to look for useful parts. His shop was due to open in twenty minutes and he hadn't even finished getting the morning chores done.

So once the robot was laid on the table, he felt weird about just leaving it on the floor, he made his way back out onto the work floor.

Now he just needed to get through a shift and then he could deal with the robot situation.



School had been a drag, like usual, but at least now that part of his day was done and he wouldn't need to think about bio components or which wire would be more conducive for the whole weekend! Sure don't get him wrong, he absolutely loves working with machines, but after learning things you already knew over and over again it gets pretty boring.

He wanted something new! Something exciting! He wanted to build his own creation, and bring his own machine to life. But the rules placed on the class were that they couldn't do this, some safety violation or something. Look if he lost a few fingers or burned himself then that was his problem, he wasn't going to sue the school for his own dumbass decisions.

So while he wasn't allowed to work with robots he did find a place that let him work with metal. Blade Mechanics wasn't a super popular auto shop but it had its fair share of customers, enough that Tubbo could occasionally get a paycheck even if he was there as an unpaid intern. The money was nice but his real reason for being there was to work with the cars and get real hands-on experience. Plus Techno would sometimes let him take home some scrap metal to mess with!

The brunette huffed as he walked through the front door, a little bell jingling at his arrival. A head popped up from behind the service desk, pink and green locks bouncing with the movement. Warm brown eyes landed on him and a bright smile formed on her face.

"Hello Tubbo, I think Techno's in the back working on Mr. Braidey's car."

"Thanks, Niki. Is there anything I should relay back or?"

"If you can convince him to eat something then please do, he hasn't stopped working since seven and it's already four."

The brunette gave a thumbs-up as he made his way into the garage. He adjusted his bag, the strap was starting to dig into his shoulder painfully. Walking through the garage it was easy to spot the pink head of his boss/friend only partially hidden under the hood of a red pickup truck.

The man's sleeves were rolled up but that didn't seem to help them remain clean of oil, blackish-brown stains were very visible against the off-white shirt he wore. Seriously? A white shirt while working on cars? Does he just not care about stains or is he so insanely rich that he can afford the crazy prices of going to the dry cleaners every single day?

When Tubbo walked past he got a wave and a grunt of acknowledgment, a normal occurrence from the pinkette. Technoblade wasn't exactly a people person, that's why Niki ran the front while he stayed in the back with the cars. Whenever Niki was out or sick he'd make either Tommy or himself run the desk, usually it was the blonde intern though. Tommy had a knack with people, he was surprisingly a very good salesman.

The brunette pushed open the break room door, bag already mostly pulled off his shoulder, and then he paused, brain manually rebooting as he stared at the scene in front of him. There was a body, just a whole ass body laying right in the middle of the room, on the break room table. Now he knows Technoblade doesn't have the cleanest record with the cops, Tubbo didn't either, but he hadn't expected to see a dead body today.

Except it wasn't a body?

Well yes it was body shaped, and yes it looked pretty damn human, but there was something off. So Tubbo inched closer, and as he did he was able to see more of the person's form. The bag slipped from his grip as he closed the distance, eyes jumping from one section of metal to another. This wasn't a body! This was a robot, an android no less!

How the hell did Techno get his hands on this?!

Just then the door opened to reveal an oil and sweat-stained Technoblade. The pinkette glanced from Tubbo to the body before sighing, the brunette didn't even wait to hear his side of the story, too many questions were falling from his lips that he wasn't even sure what he was asking the other.

"Tubbo, calm down. I can't understand half the words you're saying right now."

The brunette took a deep breath, making sure to slow his speech down enough to be understood properly.

"Where did you find an android?! This has to be Nook tech! No way someone could make something this complex without some type of backing! So why in the ever-loving fuck is it here of all places?! Techno did you rob Nook Robotics?!"

"First off, no I didn't steal the thing I found it, in my alley so technically it's not stealing. Finders keepers and all that. Secondly, I was planning on scrapping it later, figured you might want some parts or something."

Tubbo was shocked. On one hand, he found it very shocking that Techno saw a robot and his first thought was to take it apart, but what was more shocking was the fact he thought Tubbo would want the parts since he was interested in robotics. Sure Technoblade was cold and tough, a typical manly man, but Tubbo knew the guy could be soft. Philza was the one who was able to bring that side to light more often but once in a blue moon either he or Tommy could experience Softnoblade, as Wilbur dubbed him.

“Wait no! You can’t take it apart! This is revolutionary tech!”

“Well, what else are you going to do with it? It’s dead, hasn’t turned on since I found it.”

“Let me try to fix it! Please! I won’t use any of your stuff and I’ll stay out of your way! I’m probably never going to get a chance like this again!”

Tubbo was not ashamed of his begging, he’d get down on his knees if needed. His hands itched to figure out how the android worked, to see what programs it held, see if he could even get it up and working. This was the type of challenge he wanted, the one he needed! And it was being handed to him on a silver platter!

Technoblade sighed, hand pushing back his bangs while the other rested against his hip.

“Fine, ‘s not like I had any other plans for it. Just try not to cause the end of the world or something, I don’t wanna get blamed for that.”

Tubbo couldn’t hide his grin even if he wanted to, he also couldn’t stop himself from hugging the pinkette tightly. Neither were touchy people usually but Tubbo felt like this show of affection was needed to show his gratitude.

“Thank you! Oh, you have no idea how much this means to me! Tommy is going to freak when he sees this! Imagine I get it working before he comes in!”

The pinkette huffed as he patted the brunette’s head, a slight twitch of the lips being the only sign of his emotional state.

Tubbo was soon left alone in the break room, his hands already digging through his bag for his laptop. He needed to figure out how to connect to the robot, and also figure out the best way to turn it on. So once his computer was settled onto the table next to the limp form he came to a small issue.

How was he to connect the two?

He had extra wires and plugs for various things, but where did he plug them in on the robot? He didn’t see any obvious ports, and he didn’t want to try and shove a plug somewhere just to end up breaking something. His eyes raked over the android before pausing.

Right beside the right leg was what looked to be a wire, a very long thick wire that ended with a spade-like shape. Tubbo wasted no time in grabbing it, examining the intricate details. Plates of metal were wrapped around so it was flexible, he could wrap the thing around his

arm twice. But his issue still remained, if this was a connecting wire how the hell did he connect it to his laptop.

The tip of the spade shape was sharp, probably sharp enough to break skin if he wasn't careful. But something caught his eye, bringing the wire closer he noticed a hairline line down the middle of the spade. It was barely noticeable but Tubbo had a knack for finding hidden things. Now that he could see it split, how did he go about opening it?

He didn't want to try and pry it open, he could end up breaking it and then it would be useless to him. So he ran his fingers over the metal, looking for any buttons or grooves in the metal that would give him answers. After a few seconds, he found one, a tiny button on the base of the spade where it connected to the wire. Pressing it he was met with... a micro USB?

Really? Unlimited tech and Nook Robotics decides the best way to charge a full ass android is a micro USB?

Whatever he has adapters in his bag for moments like this. Well not exactly like this but you get the point!

So after a few seconds of digging for an adapter and then plugging everything in, he sat and waited. He expected maybe a bunch of firewalls to pop up, or maybe for his laptop to shut down, maybe even fry it. But nope, so far nothing.

Huh. That's strange.

Maybe he plugged it in upside down? He knows some wires were very picky on which way they faced. But just as he went to unplug it and try again an application popped up on his screen, a simple 'enter password' and a blinking cursor.

Progress!

Now, what was the password? He could guess randomly, maybe run a program? But if it had a limited amount of guesses he could be screwed, so what was he to do? He'd have to guess, at least once to figure out if he had limited guesses.

So he typed in 'Nook' hoping that maybe he'd get lucky. His screen flashed red before returning to the password screen and cursor. There was no warning of limited guesses so that was good news, now he could run a program to hack into the system itself!

It took a few seconds to start up the program, then a good ten minutes of waiting before his screen flashed green. Multiple folders piped up, some opening to show running lines of code. Tubbo's eyes lit up in excitement, he did it! He actually did it!

His celebration paused for a second as another application popped up, this one had a box that read; 'Run Diagnostics' with yes and no buttons beneath it. Tubbo clicked yes so quickly that he hadn't even realized he actually moved his hand. A tiny loading icon popped up but the brunette's gaze was pulled to the android itself, the black between the dark metal lit up with violet light; almost in a breathing pattern where they dimmed only to brighten again.

His screen soon showed a diagram of the android, multiple spots highlighted in red with tiny descriptions of what was wrong. Memory storage was corrupted, multiple wires had been fried, the battery was low, and a few other small things that didn't seem that important. He'd guess wires were fried due to the storm they had last night, assuming the machine was already in the alley by then. The memory storage issue though, he didn't know what could cause that other than on purpose.

First, though he needed to get the battery level up, he could work on everything else after that. The robot seemed to take power from his laptop since its battery was slowly rising, and Tubbo's computer was currently plugged into the wall. Hopefully, Techno wouldn't notice the rise in the electric bill, and if he did hopefully he didn't trace it back to Tubbo.

The teen busied himself with looking through the files he had access to, a few had simple programs and others had overly complex codes that would take Tubbo hours to translate. He was in the middle of reading one binary pattern when a screen popped up, blocking the previous code.

*Launch file://R4N-B00?*

*[Yes] [No]*

He only hesitated for a second. If he pushed this button and the android did wake up, what if it acted on a program Tubbo hadn't seen? What if it attacked them? Now the brunette knew this possibility was highly unlikely but there was always that chance that something could go wrong.

He inhaled once before clicking a button.

*[Yes] [No]*



# Launching file://R4N-B00 ... Error Detected ... Run Program Anyway?

## Chapter Summary

The Boobot lives!!

## Chapter Notes

TW's;;

Memory Loss

Minor Dehumanization

Cursing

Mentions of Murder/Death

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

*Launching file://R4N-B00*

«« Loading Data... »»

The little circle kept spinning on the screen, a tiny loading bar slowly filling up. Multiple lines of code flew across the screen as the program ran, most looked like gibberish but Tubbo figured it was probably coded so hackers wouldn't be able to figure it out. Unluckily for them, Tubbo was what one would consider a technological genius and would probably have that code cracked by the end of the week.

Sitting and waiting for this mystery program to start was getting boring. Sure he was excited to see it finished but the little progress bar was taking forever to fill, it felt like it took five minutes for a new pixel to dot the screen, maybe one percent more than it had last time he checked.

He didn't want to risk messing around on his computer and possibly slowing the program or worse; shutting it down completely. So instead he preoccupied himself with looking over the android.

For a robot, it was eerily human-like, a bit too much. Tubbo's heard of the uncanny valley and the whole theory behind it, he's done a whole essay on the subject once. He just didn't think he'd experience it for himself. It felt like there was something just slightly off, but

Tubbo couldn't figure out what. Well except for the whole half of the android's face being made of black metal. What kind of metal was that anyway?

The brunette leaned over the comatose robot, hand hovering over the slowly pulsating metal. The purple light gave the dark metal hues of violet, illuminating the craftsmanship that was so lovingly put into this project. Who would throw away such a well-made android? Were they stupid? Did they not know what kind of product they had on their hands?

Tubbo's thoughts paused as his laptop chimed, and the brunette quickly moved back to it. The loading bar was maybe halfway but a pop-up blocked part of the screen.

*File://R4N-B00 is requesting access to 'Pay up or Shut up'.*

*Allow access?*

*[Yes] [No]*

The teen had to stifle his snicker, he hadn't even realized Techno had changed the Wifi name. Surely he got Niki to help him, that or Niki did this of her free will. Either way, he clicked the little 'yes' icon, the pop-up minimizing into nothingness as the loading bar steadily progressed forward. It was moving a whole lot faster now so that was good!

What wasn't so good was that the overhead lights started to dim and flicker. Damn how much power was this thing draining from his laptop and in turn the shop? Technoblade was going to kill him.

After nearly five more boring minutes the bar was full, the window disappearing and his computer blue screened.

"No! No, no, no, please don't die, Benson! Come on pull through for me!"

The laptop's screen went black and Tubbo feared the worst. All of his files were on here, sure he had backups but Benson was his baby. He basically built this computer by hand, after tearing apart the cheaply made one they sold in the stores and making it his own.

Thankfully the laptop popped back to life, the little startup loading screen showing. He nearly sighed in relief, thank god Benson was okay. His relief was soon replaced by excitement, the program had finished which meant...

When the brunette glanced over he noticed the pulsing light was now a dim constant, the robot didn't move yet. His good mood was diminished, did he fail? Surely not... Wouldn't the program have announced failure to launch before crashing his computer?

What was he supposed to do now?

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*Launching startup protocol 1*

...

*Manual setup required*

*Launching startup protocol 2*

...

***Warning!***

*Damage to outer coating detected*

***Warning!***

*Damage to memory storage detected*

*No additional anomalies detected*

Slowly, painfully slowly they were becoming aware of their surroundings. There was the sound of whirring, it was mechanical but not because of robotics. An air conditioning unit? There was the sound of clanging metal, this one was more man-made than the whirring of the fan inside the unit. Someone was working with tools.

He could hear movement around him, shuffling and footsteps. Someone was in the room with them, meaning this person is the one who powered them on.

Opening their eyes he was met with a face looming over him, they didn't react other than stare back at the green eyes that watched him. The person's eyes widened, pupils dilating in excitement.

"Holy shit it worked... It worked!"

The brunette flung himself up, eyes sparkling and hands flapping all around. They'd assume it was out of joy and not frustration based on the bright grin he wore.

It took less than a second to sit up, eyes flicking and observing his surroundings. The room looked to be a storage room that had been upgraded to a small common area. They were sat on the singular table in the room, most of the chairs were pushed under the table except for one; probably the one the brunette had been sitting at before they powered on.

They ejected their tail from the device next to them, spade tip closing and protecting the connecting port. He had been plugged into a personal computer, a portable one. Their attention fell back onto the brunette who was talking quickly as he flailed his arms around.

"-and I knew I could do it! Wait until Tommy hears about this! Oh and Techno! He'll probably give me a raise or something."

They silently documented the names the brunette said, it would be best to know who was going to be giving him tasks after all. Humans liked to be referred to by name, how he knew that they weren't sure but it felt like an ingrained fact; one they weren't going to question.

The brunette glanced over at them like he had forgotten they were still in the room. They weren't offended whatsoever, though the staring was starting to grate against his sensors.

“Uh, can you talk?”

“I can talk. What would you like me to say?”

The brunette paused, seemingly unsure of what words he wanted them to say. Did they say something wrong? Maybe he should have worded his question better?

“Um okay, how about your name?”

“This device does not have a registered name, would you like to register one?”

“Man I didn't think I was naming a robot today, is this how new parents feel? Am I like your dad now or something? I'm too young to be a father!”

The boy wailed dramatically, they weren't sure if they should inform him that biologically it would be impossible for this person to be his parental guardian. They didn't have a parent or father, they were just made by a person for the sole purpose of fulfilling orders. He was made of metal and wires, not flesh and blood like the brunette and other humans.

“Okay, okay um... What about uh... Ran... Ranboo! That's what the program was called so that must be your name.”

They registered the name, practically burning it into their core. They were Ranboo now, a name given to them specifically. Responding to the name given to them would help keep his new... owners? He should ask what term they wanted to be referred to as.

“Understood. I have registered the name ‘Ranboo’. May I ask for your name as well?”

“Oh uh yeah, it's Tubbo.”

Now he had a name to put to his face, now they needed faces for ‘Techno’ and ‘Tommy’. But first...

“I have registered your name into my memory database. What tasks would you like me to perform for you today, Tubbo?”

The brunette seemed confused by their question, pausing to instead just stare at Ranboo. Did they ask incorrectly? Maybe, who knows, maybe this Tubbo person had a specific way he wanted to be asked things. Trying to search through their memory storage was unhelpful, it was like it had been wiped clean of anything before waking up on the table. Trying to dig deeper just had red warning signs flashing across their eyes, denying them access to whatever was in their memory storage prior to lowering on. There were facts that he knew, things that were programmed into them that they could fall back on, but everything else was blank.

They weren't sure if that was done on purpose or if it was a malfunction on his end, either way they'd need to bring it up to Tubbo. Since the brunette was the one to power them on he must be their engineer, that or he was the android's creator. The second option seemed unlikely since he was asking them questions about how they processed.

"Tasks? Uh... Well, what kind of tasks can you do?"

What could they do? He was drawing a blank, what could he do? They know that they are supposed to complete tasks or jobs given to them, but he has no memory of doing anything. What if they weren't programmed for a specific job? No, that wasn't correct. He was made for a purpose, they just couldn't remember it.

"I apologize Tubbo but I can't answer your question. My memory bank is corrupted, anything from before you woke me up is inaccessible at this moment."

"Wait, memory bank? Like you forgot everything? Can androids even get amnesia?"

"The memories aren't gone, they're just corrupted at the moment. I can't access them in this state, but fixing my memory storage could make them available again."

It wasn't guaranteed, there was always a chance of something going wrong or the memories being too corrupted that they couldn't even be fixed. But there was also the chance that they could be recovered.

Ranboo has come to the conclusion that he wasn't made by Tubbo, they must have been made elsewhere. So why were they here? Simple, he must have been assigned to Tubbo and/or to either the 'Techno' or 'Tommy' person the brunette spoke of. Either way, they were supposed to be here and he was supposed to fulfill any tasks asked of them.

"Well I guess I can take a look at them later, see if we can fix up your brain wait- do you even have a brain? Or is there just a computer in your head? Wait, off-topic."

Tubbo cut himself off, moving to check on his portable computer before folding it in half. He shoved it into a bag before heading towards the door, only to pause and turn back around. The brunette moved back over to them, hand wrapping around their uncovered wrist. He should probably attempt to fix that issue, humans preferred if he appeared human. How they knew that, he has no idea, just another random fact programmed into them.

"Follow me bossman, I gotta show you to Techno!"

Tubbo tugged on their wrist, not strong enough to actually force him up but enough to get his message across. They pushed himself off the table and followed after the brunette, Tubbo still held onto their wrist as if he'd just walk off; which wasn't an issue. Tubbo said to follow him so that's what they would do, it was technically a command so they had to obey it.

The brunette teen opened the door and led them through a hallway before entering what looked to be a warehouse or a large garage, the place was filled with tools, tires, cars, and the sound of loud music. It looked dirty, oil and grease were basically staining the ground. The place reeked of gasoline and sweat, even with the one garage door open it was still humid.

As they followed after Tubbo he realized they were heading towards one of the cars, the one with a person underneath it.



Techno wasn't too concerned with Tubbo's meddling, he highly doubted the boy could get the robot powered on. Not that the brunette wasn't smart, there was a reason the kid was allowed to work at his garage after all, but this just seemed like an impossible task. The machine looked dead, no possible way to turn it on kind of dead. So he was a bit impressed when he spotted the brunette leading over the previously lifeless android.

The thing was tall, like it towered over the brunette. He hadn't really paid much attention to it when bringing the machine inside, but now looking over it he could only notice the dirt-stained clothing it wore. What must have been a white t-shirt and pair of sweatpants was more of a creamy tan with smears of dirt and mud. The android's eyes were two separate colors, the left was a warm caramel brown while the right was a vibrant violet color, obviously not human.

He pushed himself out from under the car, his creeper's wheels creaking softly; he'd need to remember to oil them later. He sat up and wiped off his forehead, no doubt spreading oil across his forehead instead of removing the sweat. Not like it mattered in the long run, he'd just get covered in the stuff by the end of the day. Tubbo was talking to the robot excitedly, pointing out random bits of his garage as the two made their way over to him.

“-and this is Techno, he owns this place!”

“Yo.”

Techno was a master at social interaction and anyone who said differently were liars, he knows how conversations work.

“Techno this is Ranboo! Aren't they cool!”

“It's very cool.”

Even if his voice didn't show it he was impressed that the tiny brunette managed to bring the thing back to life, he wonders if Tubbo could do the same with a few car batteries he has in the back.

“Not ‘it’ Techno, they- wait shit.” The teen cut themselves off before turning to face the android whose gaze lowered to focus solely on him. “I forgot to ask! Sorry about that Ranboo, uh what are your pronouns?”

“Whichever ones you wish to use Tubbo.”

Oh wow, the robot's voice was just as low as his own. It was eerily similar as well, he wondered if that was on purpose or if it was just something programmed in. Could it be changed like the automated voice on a GPS?

"That's not how pronouns work bossman, I can't decide those for you. It's okay if you don't know yet, but both Techno and I use masculine pronouns; he, him, and himself."

It was interesting to watch the teen explain such simple things to the android, maybe he should start referring to them as Ranboo instead of 'the robot' or 'the android', seems a bit nicer at least.

The rob- Ranboo nodded along to the brunette's words, seeming to either understand or merely was going along with whatever Tubbo said.

"So, Ranboo." The dual-colored robot's attention focused on him. "Mind explaining why I found ya out in my alley?"

"I'm sorry Techno, my memory storage has been corrupted. I can't remember anything prior to Tubbo waking me up. Apologies for any inconveniences I may have caused you."

Yeesh, the guy was polite, like weirdly so. Techno isn't a stickler for niceties or any fancy wordplay, he preferred things to be stated bluntly. Don't get him wrong, sometimes you needed to use fancy words to get out of situations or to sway people but this wasn't one of those cases.

"Nah it's fine, not like it's your fault or anythin'."

He wasn't sure what else to say, introductions were done and now the three of them were just standing there; awkwardly. Did he ask questions? Talk about the weather? Maybe use the car fixing as an excuse to escape this suffocating silence?

Thankfully his silent prayers were answered, though in one of the worst ways possible.

The door that separated the garage from the main lobby was practically kicked in, two figures entering loudly. He didn't even need to look to see who exactly they were, their arguing was more than enough to name the pair. Both Wilbur and Tommy were arguing over something stupid again, Techno didn't even bother trying to figure out what exactly they were yelling about today.

Just as suddenly as they started the two stopped, both frozen for a second and neither said a word. That is until-

**"Holy fucking shit! Is that a fucking robot?!"**

I love these three dumbasses

So very much

(´~`j)



# Adopting a new son, making friends, and making... enemies?

## Chapter Summary

Beep Boop

## Chapter Notes

TW's;;

Memory Loss

Minor Dehumanization

Cursing

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Holy fucking shit! Is that a fucking robot?!”

Quietly he sighed, pinching his brow as he tried to fight off the upcoming headache named Tommy Innte. The blonde didn't seem to care about his volume, not like he ever did anyway so why start now? Still, Techno could dream.

“When did you get a robot?!”

“Techno found ‘em outside this morning, he let me mess around with ‘em until I got ‘em working!”

The brunette seemed excited to share what he had been up to while his friend wasn't here, hands waving between the blonde and android. Ranboo didn't seem to really care about the loudness or the erratic movements of the two teens, though their head kept moving to face whoever was speaking at the time. Could robots get whiplash?

“I knew you were smart Tubzo but I didn't think you'd be able to get an actual working robot!”

The blonde swung his arm across his friend's shoulders, shaking the smaller brunette with a wide grin on his face. Once Tommy released the other he inspected Ranboo closer, getting up close and in their face. The android leaned back, obviously uncomfortable with the proximity between the two. They weren't showing anything to give away that feeling though, but Techno knows how to spot social anxiety when he sees it. Could robots get anxiety?

His attention was soon pulled to the side by his second uninvited guest. The tall brunette had his hands stuffed in his back pockets, eyes roaming over the android and the two teens surrounding it. Wilbur's attention then moved to the pinkette, eyebrow raising in a silent question. Technoblade merely glared at the younger male, earning a snicker from the brunette.

“Ya know, I didn't peg you for pulling a Philza Craft and getting yourself a kid.”

“Not a kid Soot, robot.”

“Hmm, nah. Blade that's a whole ass teenager right there. Sure they're lanky and tall but that's definitely a teen, so either I'm completely wrong, which is unlikely, or someone designed a robot to look like a literal teenager.”

The pinkette glanced at the small group, Tommy was now poking the android in the chest as he cursed at them. Ranboo took it in stride though, merely watching the blonde's actions and not retaliating whatsoever. Meanwhile, Tubbo was cackling beside the robot, holding his stomach as tears started forming. If he ignored the whole metal half of Ranboo then yeah he could see them as just a group of teenagers hanging out in his garage.

“See what I mean?” Techno glanced back at Wilbur when he spoke up. “So someone made a teenager robot for some reason, and dumped them in your alley, does that not seem weird to you?”

Wilbur had a point, it was strange that such an advanced machine was just left outside an auto shop.

“So what? Some millionaire traveled all the way down here to dump their trash, it wouldn't be the first time. But you are right, it's strange...”

“Maybe they weren't left there, maybe they made it here by themselves and just happened to stop in your alley?”

The pinkette huffed, attention going back to the group of teens. The two were now trying to get Ranboo to flip them off, they were going to corrupt the poor kid if he didn't stop them. But Wilbur brought up a good point, what if someone didn't just leave Ranboo in his alley? What if Ranboo somehow made their way to his alley, all by themselves?

Was that even possible? From what little he knows of robots and such, they shouldn't be able to function independently unless specifically designed that way.

“Yeah... maybe.”



“Look all I'm saying is we now have a badass motherfucking robot! Just imagine how much stuff we can get away with!”

Tommy was way too excited but honestly so was Tubbo. The brunette was feeding off the other's energy, his own and excitement growing stronger by the second. Ranboo on the other hand seemed relatively calm despite the two teenagers surrounding them. Tommy had been suggesting various crimes they could now commit using Ranboo, most involved some type of robbery. Which didn't surprise Tubbo in the slightest, his best friend was basically a raccoon given human form, constantly wanting to snatch the weirdest of things whenever he could. So when the blonde suggested robbing their local Walmart of all its spoons he wasn't exactly surprised.

“Okay, but what are we going to do with all of those spoons?”

“We could melt them down and make jewelry, then we sell the jewelry for mad expensive prices!”

“Most utensils are made with stainless steel.”

The blonde huffed as he looked up at the android, hands on his hips and puffed up his chest. It was kind of funny that Ranboo was taller than Tommy, the blonde obviously didn't think it was that funny though.

“Yeah and?”

“Stainless steel jewelry isn't very profitable.”

Tubbo had to hold back his snicker, Tommy on the other hand puffed out his cheeks glaring at Ranboo. The android didn't seem to take offense to Tommy's obvious displeasure, instead just watching him before tilting its head slightly.

“Well, then we'll just lie and say it's silver! Or better yet we spray paint it gold and say it's gold!”

“Wouldn't that be illegal?”

“Learn to live a little boob boy! What's a little crime amongst friends?”

Ranboo didn't argue though their brow did crease a bit, and if you looked closely one could almost say their expression was disgruntled. But less than a second later the look was replaced with a neutral expression, the robot returning to their emotionless state.

Tubbo wasn't exactly sure how to feel about the android. Sure he was beyond ecstatic to have been able to get them working again, but now what? He got a cool robot friend, but what if they weren't actually friends? What if Ranboo didn't think of them as anything more than the person who turned them back on? Could he even be friends with Ranboo?

His attention fell back onto the tall robot and his best friend, Tommy was still going on about his ‘genius’ plan of scamming people out of millions while Ranboo pointed out the various flaws in all his plans. At first the brunette wasn't sure if Tommy would even like Ranboo, the

blonde could get jealous and clingy at times after all. But he obviously didn't need to worry, Tommy seemed to already be comfortable around the android, harsh words softer than the insults he usually slings at new people.

Maybe Ranboo would be a good addition to their odd collection of friends...



Ranboo was beyond confused, not that they'd state it. They had met the mysterious Techno, finally putting a face to the name Tubbo had mentioned. The man was large, and while not super tall at least to Ranboo he was definitely more built. The man's left arm was covered in ink, tattoos running from his wrist to under his T-shirt sleeve. They could spot a few tiny details hidden within the art; a crown, a feather, music notes, some type of insect, and a paw print which they were sure was from a raccoon or another similar species. He didn't understand the reason for these specific images but they didn't question it either, positive they shouldn't even focus on the tattoo.

Techno was awkward, his eyes were constantly avoiding them and Tubbo, looking to the floor or the car behind him. Not that Ranboo minded, they actually preferred to not be stared at, something they shouldn't even care about yet did. Something was messed up in their code, things that shouldn't be an issue were causing more... feelings? Something was causing their mind to create artificial emotions for some reason, and they didn't like it. He knew this wasn't a normal thing, it was like a voice nagging them to stop and that whatever this was it wasn't okay. They'd talk to Tubbo about that, hopefully the small brunette could fix this anomaly.

After meeting Techno they were thrown into meeting two more people, Wilbur and Tommy. They knew of Tommy, Tubbo mentioned the name earlier after all, but Wilbur was someone new who they had no information on. Tommy had rushed over to them immediately, excitement radiating off of him. The blonde was loud, loud and brash, he had no filter whatsoever. Tommy had said multiple swear words within the same sentence and no one batted an eye, so this must have been normal for the teen. Ranboo made sure to take note of that, to prepare themselves for the onslaught of curses that would be thrown his way.

Other than being loud Tommy was pretty nice, his attitude said differently but there was no malicious intent behind his words. His plans for committing fraud were rather concerning though, even though this was an illegal activity the blonde still wanted to go through with it. Ranboo had tried to inform him that this wasn't a good idea, he tried to be helpful but Tommy shot down their attempts. That's when Ranboo decided it was best to not argue with the blonde, they weren't supposed to anyway. It was rather easy for them to back down, even though a part of them wanted to continue exchanging banter with the boy.

Tubbo was rather calm even when Tommy wasn't, he must have also been used to this behavior then. The brunette was watching them, a smile on his face. It became obvious to them that Tubbo and Tommy were close, much closer than Tubbo was with Techno. He filed that away as well, the more information he got the better they could function. They found it

easy to read the others, reading their body language and taking notice of even the slightest change. Knowing this was important, he didn't know why but it was, and it was almost as easy as pretending to breathe.

Breathing was another thing they didn't need to do but their body decided it should do, perhaps to mimic the humans to put them at ease? Breathing meant something was alive and not deceased, so perhaps that was it? Humans were strange in that way, growing concerned for species outside of their own. Humanity as a whole was strange to the android, but maybe that was why they were created? To observe humans and learn from them? It seemed like that was a possibility. His brain would immediately point out any change in emotion from the others, shifting so suddenly before calming. It felt like Ranboo was constantly filing away all of this information, for what they didn't know, but everything was documented.

The way Tubbo's smile was lopsided, leaning more to the right. The way Tommy shifted his balance to his right leg, his left leg carrying less of the weight. The way Wilbur looked from them to Techno, the observing look he gave whenever their eyes met. The way Techno sat, what looked to be a relaxed position yet his shoulders were tense which hinted at obvious discomfort in whatever the two were talking about. Each and every detail was stored, Ranboo didn't have to even think about it, it just happened naturally.

It felt both normal and abnormal, like they've done this before but also that they shouldn't do this; like it was wrong. But was it? He was merely observing them, wasn't that a normal thing for humans to do as well? A quick flash of a memory flashed in their mind, someone telling them it was 'rude' and 'creepy', that they shouldn't do it unless necessary. But wasn't this necessary? They needed to figure out why they were here and what they were meant to do, and observing seemed like the safest way to find these things out.

Maybe they'd stop documenting everything and instead only what seemed to be important, that way it wasn't 'weird' and the voice in their head would calm down.

Their attention was redirected to Techno as he stood, dusting invisible dust off his pants. "Well unlike some of you I actually have a job to do, so unless you three want to help me fix an oxygen sensor that's seen better days then I suggest you get out of my garage and go bother someone else." The pinkette said, pushing his bangs out of his face and re-securing them behind a band.

Tubbo held onto their hand, pulling them forward. Ranboo followed easily, keeping pace with the brunette as he led them out of the garage. Tubbo was telling them about another man, Phil, who apparently ran a bar and grill across the street. Phil was also apparently friends with Techno, meaning he was legally obligated to be nice to Tommy and himself. Speaking of the blonde he was following along as well, adding bits of information to Tubbo's words. Wilbur didn't follow them out, he stayed inside the garage with Techno, though he did watch them leave. Ranboo could practically feel the man's eyes on their back, taking over their form and looking for any cracks, it was unsettling.

He wasn't sure but he didn't think Wilbur liked him very much...

## Chapter End Notes

If you've noticed the change in the number of chapters, fear not!  
This is part of a series of one-shots and this is but the prequel!  
We still have a lot of things for Boo to explore and learn!  
Plus Techno needs to officially adopt our robo boy.  
And we'll throw some Beeduo in there for extra flavor~

# Imagine adopting a robot as a kid, couldn't be Technoblade

## Chapter Summary

Beep  
Boop  
Bop

## Chapter Notes

TW's;;

Minor Dehumanization

Cursing

Mentions of Murder/Death

Minor Mentions of Alcoholic Beverages

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Surprisingly it wasn't Tubbo who thought of disguising Ranboo, because honestly if anyone saw them there were going to be a few issues. Not just that they have a legit robot by their side, but more that people would be flocking around them like flies around a dumpster. Tubbo's analogies could be better but now wasn't the time.

The taller blonde shed his coat, one he stole from Wilbur earlier that week, and handed it over to the android. While big and baggy on Tommy it fit snugly on the tall teen robot. Next, the blonde dug through his backpack, searching for something. Meanwhile, Tubbo was adjusting a beanie, one he had stolen from Wilbur almost a month ago, atop the android's two-toned hair. It didn't really cover anything up but it looked cool, plus it let Tubbo get a chance to mess with Ranboo's fluffy hair.

It felt almost real, like one of those horse hair wigs, or even the human ones. The brunette expected it to feel more synthetic, like the cheaper wigs he'd seen sold in that one weird shop in the farmer's market. He isn't really sure why he has so much knowledge of wigs, perhaps he just absorbed the information at some point and just forgot.

Either way, Ranboo's hair was soft, fluffy, and the teen just wanted to run his hands through it for hours on end. Maybe he'd convince the android to let him mess around with it later, he'd use the excuse of researching and learning more about Ranboo.

“Aha!” Tommy exclaimed, holding up a very colorful scarf. It looked handmade, with sections where the yarn was changed being rather obvious. “Now lean down Ranboo.”

The android complied, but Tubbo could swear he saw Ranboo’s face scrunch up at the nickname before it returned to the more expressionless one he was used to seeing.

Strange...

Tommy wrapped the scarf around Ranboo’s neck, pulling it up to cover the lower half of their face. It actually did help pull attention away from the dimly glowing metal half of their face. Tubbo was already planning an excuse if anyone asked about Ranboo’s less-than-human appearance; makeup! He’s enough of a nerd to know about conventions, and a lot of these conventions were filled to the brim with cosplayers. Using small robotics or lights to make a costume look even better wasn’t that strange of a concept, and no one would be interested in it if Tubbo started talking about the mechanics of the machinery. He’d just have to geek out if anyone gets too suspicious which was easy enough.

“Now that Ranboo doesn’t look like a CGI prop in a movie, let’s head to Phil’s.” Tubbo stated, taking the android’s hand before starting towards the bar.

Now normally any sane person wouldn’t let two- three teenagers into a bar, especially without any IDs, but Tubbo and Tommy were special cases. Phil knew them and wouldn’t give them a single drop of alcohol until they were both twenty-one. Which wasn’t fair since Tubbo would have to wait an extra four months before Tommy was of eligible age.

Either way, they got access to the local bar any time of day, plus they could stay late while Phil closed up. But what about Ranboo? They’d need a believable story for why they had a super tall cosplaying teenager with them.

Tubbo glanced over at Tommy, seeing the blonde with furrowed brows. He was most likely coming to the same conclusion as himself. Tubbo was proven correct when the other teen started talking.

“We need a cover story for Ranboo,” Tubbo stated, trying not to laugh at the little head tilt the android did at their name. “We can’t just tell Phil he’s a robot in the middle of a crowded bar.”

Tommy nodded along as Tubbo spoke, blue eyes sparkling as he came up with an idea. Between the two Tommy was actually the one who planned out their hijinks, Tubbo was the one who prepared the items needed to cause the most chaos. Tubbo was smart but he was better at creating things while Tommy was an expert at simply causing problems, so with the two of them combined they were simply a menace to the entire town.

“Okay so what about this; we met Ranboo at school and befriended them.” The blonde started, gesturing with his hands as he spoke.

“Okay counterpoint, our town isn’t big and almost everyone knows everyone...” Tubbo pointed out, his free hand flapping at his side. “We need an explanation on why no one knows Ranboo.”



The blonde hummed, moving to hold his chin in thought. “Okay, what if Ranboo’s family just moved to town?”

“Phil’s gonna want to meet them eventually though, then what? We hire actors?” The brunette glared at the blonde when it looked like he was going to actually agree with them hiring people to play the role of Ranboo’s parents. “With what money Tommy? Actors are expensive.”

“Fair point...” Tommy sighed out, leaning his head back to watch the clouds as he thought. “Okay well, what if we just say they’re Techno’s kid or something?”

Tubbo stifled a laugh, he couldn’t be serious right? Technoblade and Phil were best friends, there was no way the pinkette would keep a kid a secret from the other, especially one that looked to be a teenager.

“We’d have better luck convincing Phil that Ranboo was *his* son.” The brunette huffed, “Would you ever believe that the Blade has a child? Cuz I for sure wouldn’t.”

“I mean it’s possible! They’re both tall and socially awkward, it’s pretty believable!”

“Tommy...” Tubbo couldn’t believe he had to explain this to the blonde. “Ranboo is literally made of metal and technology, they can’t-“

“I’m not that dumb Tubbo. But it would work.”

Tubbo sighed, it was obvious he wasn’t going to convince the blonde of a better-thought-out plan. Anyway, it was too late because they had arrived at the bar. The building looked like it was made out of bricks, giving it a vintage feel. As the door was pushed open a little bell went off, announcing the three’s arrival.

Time to introduce Phil to their totally normal human cosplayer friend Ranboo.



The building Tommy and Tubbo lead them into was much dimmer than the outside light, giving it a more relaxed feeling. Though that was quickly replaced by loud talking, the clinking of glasses, and the television set that was set up in the corner. Currently, it was playing some sports game, one that had enthralled most of the customers as they sat at the edges of their seats only to stand and yell when something on the screen happened. If Ranboo had to guess this response was due to the customers’ preferred teams winning or gaining points in the game. He really didn’t understand it at all, but that was fine since neither boy accompanying them seemed to care about the device and the picture it was projecting.

Instead they were focused more on the rectangle-shaped counter, the two ushering them onto one of the barstools surrounding it.

“Philza Minecraft! We require your strongest drink!”

Tommy practically shouted as he slammed his hand onto the counter. Ranboo didn't think that was sanitary seeing as this place served beverages and food. But who was he to tell the blonde what to do?

The man behind the counter groaned loudly, saying something to the other human he was serving, and then walking over to their group.

“That's not my name Tommy, it's just Craft.” The man replied, “And the strongest drink I'll give any of you is coke.”

Ranboo took in the other's appearance as he bickered between the two others on either side of them. He had shaggy blonde hair, only part of it pulled back into a tiny ponytail. His eyes were blue but not as bright as Tommy's, they looked closer to an ocean blue than sky blue. He looked to have neglected shaving, a small patch of golden hair resting against his chin.

Even though technically the group were arguing none of the three seemed truly upset, in fact they were all smiling to some degree. Tommy and Tubbo wore huge grins while the man had more of a tired acceptance expression.

This must have been the Phil the two spoke of, Phil Craft if his words were correct. The android filed that information away under the same list as the others, the only one separate was Tubbo. The brunette had first seemed to either be an owner or repairman while the rest of the humans he was introduced to remain titleless. They didn't want to straight out ask who was who exactly, so instead they would silently watch and figure it out themselves.

“And who's this?” The man questioned with a tilt of his head, the robot's attention being brought back onto their surroundings and the conversation around them. “Don't think I've seen ya face around here mate, new to town?”

“Yup!” Tubbo answered, his reply just a bit too fast to be truthful. “They just moved to town, exchange student and all that.”

The man raised an eyebrow, glancing between the three of them. It was obvious he was suspicious of the group but he didn't say anything about it.

“Okay...” He muttered before glancing away and instead focusing on a new customer. “Just don't break anything.”

With those parting words, Phil left the three teens alone, quickly engaging in conversation with his newest customer. The android wasn't quite sure what to think about Phil from what little they'd interacted, and Ranboo hadn't said a word to the blonde. He seemed nice, at the very least he was neutral toward them. Though with a glance over to both Tommy and Tubbo the two seemed to think the introduction went over well seeing as they were both grinning and smacking their hands together for some strange reason.

“God I can't believe that worked!” The blonde snickered, he pushed himself off his chair. “I really thought he would have interrogated us more.”

“He probably would have if Mr. Rodriguez didn’t show up.” Tubbo replied, following after Tommy. “I’m sure he’ll ask more later, but it gives us time to make a more believable story.”

Ranboo mimicked the others’ exit, following after them like a duckling. The two were discussing different lies to tell about Ranboo, some even going as far as saying they were an international assassin sent to kill the president. As far as Ranboo was aware they were in fact **not** there to kill anyone, let alone the president of all people.

“Wait hold on Tubs.” Tommy stopped the group with his hand, brows furrowed as he thought. “Where exactly are we putting Ranboob? He can’t exactly stay with us, I doubt the school would allow it and the dorm is barely big enough for the two of us as it is. So…”

The brunette glanced up at them, head tilted with a frown. Ranboo wasn’t exactly sure why the two were putting so much thought into where they’d stay, he could compact himself enough to fit in a closet. They didn’t state this fact though, for some reason they kept that information to themselves.

“What about Wil?”

“Nah,” The blonde said with a shake of his head. “He can’t even keep his car from breaking for an entire month. He’d end up breaking them within an hour.”

Internally they cringed at the idea, he really didn’t want Wilbur near them if the man was prone to breaking electronics. Though in the end they didn’t get that choice and would end up following whatever orders it was given.

“And Phil’s out, at least for now until we can tell him that Ranboo is actually a robot,” Tubbo muttered, hand cradling his chin. “That leaves only Techno. He’s probably the best option too, seeing as he knows a bit about machinery. While I wouldn’t trust him with the fine-tuning I’m sure he could prevent and fix any major incidents.”

“The Blade won’t accept this easily though, we’ll have to trick him.” Tommy replied, shoving his hands in his pockets. “Or guilt trip him into doing it. I think he still owes one of us a favor.”

The two seemed to agree on the plan, smirking at one another as they planned out their idea. Soon enough both Tommy and Tubbo grabbed their wrists, dragging them back to the mechanic shop.



Technoblade’s day had been hectic, to say the least. First, he finds a humanoid machine behind his shop, then one of his interns manages to turn the thing on, he ends up having a very serious conversation with Wilbur about morals towards possibly sentient machines, and

now he has to figure out a way to decline from housing the android. Currently, he was doing a bad job at refusing the teens.

“Look,” The pinkette started, rubbing his hands on a permanently stained rag. “I just don’t have the room, I literally live in the attic as it is.”

“Come on Blade! You found ‘em so you have to house ‘em!” Tommy retorted, hands on his hips as he leaned forward. “Finders keepers or whatever the phrase is.”

“That doesn’t apply to this situation.” He muttered, already growing tired of the bickering. The two had been pestering him about this for nearly an hour straight now. “Why can’t you two take them with you?”

“Cuz,” Tubbo mumbled. “The form is too small, and if the dorm leaders catch them then they could kick us all out.”

He sighed, already knowing he wouldn’t win this argument. It wasn’t that he didn’t like the kid, Ranboo seemed nice enough for being made of metal, but Techno wasn’t good with kids. So having one under his direct care was somewhat terrifying, especially because Ranboo wasn’t just any old teenager. Did they need specific requirements? Like a charging station? Did he feed them and if so what? Could he just shove them in a closet for the night?

“Fine...” The pinkette grumbled, raising a hand to stop whatever excited cheering the two shorter teens would undoubtedly start doing at his answer. “But, this is temporary. I can house them for a few nights but then you need to find them a permanent place to stay.”

Technoblade didn’t like how they were talking about Ranboo as if he didn’t get a say in the matter, but the android hadn’t said a word against the idea. So they had to be okay with the decision right?

“Yeah! Sure thing bossman!” Tubbo replied, bouncing on his heels in excitement. “We’ll figure something out soon!”

Both Tommy and Tubbo were quick to leave, each saying goodbye to Niki and Ranboo before exiting his shop. Niki left not too long after the two, promising to come in early tomorrow to help with some paperwork since Techno struggled with it.

And then there were two.

It was... awkward to say the least. Technoblade went around tidying up his workplace while the kid watched him... silently. He could feel their eyes on him, it felt like he was being pinned under a microscope just to be observed. It was unnerving and Techno definitely did not like it.

“Okay, well...” He said with a clap of his hands, social anxiety way too high for comfort. “Do you know if you need to like... charge or something?”

“No Technoblade, I am able to charge by solar or cable. But currently, my battery percentage is high enough to not require any extra power.”

Talking to Ranboo felt like he was speaking with a smartphone, just this one had a face and could walk around.

“Well okay then, guess I’ll just show ya the guest room and you can stay there for the night.” He muttered before motioning for the android to follow him.

The two traveled up the stairs and into Techno’s living area. It wasn’t much, just a few rooms that he managed to make into a miniature apartment. The guest room was actually just Techno’s storage room, but it contained an extra mattress so it could double as both storage and a guest room for a few nights.

He left Ranboo in the room, the teen sitting atop the mattress. They looked slightly confused but that could have also been Technoblade projecting emotions onto them, he’s read about how people personify objects or animals; a natural quirk of humans to pack bond with practically anything.

By the time he made it into his own bed, he was beyond exhausted, eyes shutting the second his head hit the pillow. His mind remained active for a few minutes though, brain trying to figure out how to deal with the whole android situation he found himself in.

One thing Wilbur mentioned stuck out to him; a machine as complex as Ranboo would definitely have a creator, specifically a creator who wouldn’t just throw them away like trash. Meaning there was a high possibility that there were very powerful and rich people searching for their missing android, people Technoblade didn’t want to get tangled with.

But that also brought up the question of how Ranboo showed up at his door. Why were they left outside his shop? Was it on purpose or was it a complete coincidence?

Either way, he already sealed his fate when he brought Ranboo inside, and now he would just have to wait and see what the future held.

Be it good or bad, he didn’t regret his decision.

He hopes he never will.

## Chapter End Notes

So I hate to do this but this fic has been a struggle to write,  
But I'm going to have to put this series on indefinite hiatus, possibly even discontinued.  
Who knows, maybe one day I'll be able to write more for this au.  
But as of this time, I can't and I hope you all understand.

## End Notes

Thank you for reading my fics!

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I make art for my fics a lot of the time and post them over on Instagram and Twitter if you want to check them out!!~

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